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Jockey and Jenny's Trip to the Fair

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JOCKEY & JENNY'S TRIP TO THE FAIR



Twas on the morn of sweet May day
When nature painted all things gay
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play
And gild the meadows fair.
Young Jockey early in the morn
Arose and tript it o'er the lawn
His sunday coat the youth put on
For Jenny had vowed away to run
With Jockey to the fair

The cheerful parish bells had rung
With eager steps he trudged along
With flowery garlands round him hung
Which shepherds used to wear
He tapt at the window haste my dear
Jenny impatient cried who's there
Step gently down you have nought to fear
With Jockey to the fair.

My dad and mammy is asleep
My brother is up and with his sheep
And will you still your promise keep
Which I heard you swear
I will by all the powers above
And ne'er deceive my charming dove
Dispel those doubts and haste my love
With Jockey to the fair.

Behold the ring the shepherd cried
Will Jenny be my charming bride
Let Cupid be our happy guide
And Hymen meet us there.
Then Jockey did his vows renew
He would be constant would be true
With cowlslips tipt with balmy dew
With Jenny to the fair

In raptures meet the giddy throng
Those gay companions blythe and young
Each join the dance each join the song
To hail the happy pair
In this there's none so fond as they
They bless the kind propitious day
The charming flowery month of May
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockey to the fair

THE MERRY FIDDLER DONE OVER.

O, a Fiddler coming from a — Fair
He met a fair maid by the way
And he said pretty maid your charge I will pay
One night in your cottage to lay.

O, its what shall I pay one night for to lay
All at your country farm,
A crown sir now, or before that you go,
If you will promise to do me no harm.

Then part of the money the fiddler paid
And walked in at the cottage door
And he fiddled a tune that she never heard before
And he danced on her cottage floor.

And as he was dancing on her cottage floor,
The boards they did give way,
His leg it slipt thro' when the damsel said now,
For what damage you have done you must pay.

When the daylight did peep this fair maid was
The fiddler crept out of the door, [asleep
And he left her to snore for the rest of the store,
And he smiled of his cracking her floor.

Now a twelvemonth was o'er at the fair as before
The fiddler he chanced for to be,
This fair maid was there and she made him stare,
For she clapt a fine son on his knee.

Then the fiddler was forced to the justice to go,
And the justice he smiled at the fun
Saying before that you go, you must pay her due
And for damage you have done

My cottage it stands in a woody shade
A finer cannot be found,
For its standing between two popular trees.
And rushes a growing all round.

O its not for the damage you done to my floor,
Nor double would make to weep
But you left your son at my little farm
So now you must pay for its keep.

So pay me down the sum of ten pounds
Besides what you owed before,
And I'll rare up your son to a clever young man
And never will trouble you more,

Then the money was paid to this pretty maid
Who smiled with the babe on her arm
And when she got home she smiled at the faw
When she looked at her country farm